

MARSHALL COUNTY DEMOCRAT.

THE BLESSINGS OF GOVERNMENT, LIKE THE DEWS OF HEAVEN, SHOULD FALL ALIKE UPON THE RICH AND THE POOR—JACKSON.

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PLYMOUTH, IND. JANUARY 17, 1856.

NO. 10.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

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Marshall County Democrat

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FUN FUN FUN!
The highest cash price paid for FINE Mink and
Coon skins by
J. F. VAN VALKENBURGH
At the Post Office.

Selected Poetry.

THINKS I TO MYSELF.
We find the following sprightly verses
in the Boston Post:

I saw her again but a few days ago,
When Kossuth came down to our city;
The name of the lady I never did know,
But, thinks I she's uncommonly pretty.
And witty;
And clever, no doubt, as she's pretty.

Thinks I to myself, I have seen her before—
Fine face, and black eyes, and black hair;
But I could not tell where, as I thought of it
more,
And hang me if I could tell where.

I declare
I could not tell how, when or where I
met her.

But now both the time and the place I remem-
ber,
I remember her pleasing address;
At a certain hotel, in the month of September,
We met in the doorway, I guess;

Yes, yes;
Thinks I she's the person, I guess.

Thinks I, she would make a good partner for
life,
But she's married or spoken for, I suppose;
Still, if that's not the case, and if I had no
wife,

Thinks I to myself, I'd "propose."
Goodness knows,
If it wasn't for all that I'd propose.

But I'm married; thinks I to myself 'tis a pity,
I'm tied, and I cannot untie it;
Yet, thinks I, there's no harm in writing this
ditty,
Though it well that my wife doesn't know it.

Old poet!
'Tis well that your wife doesn't know it.

"DREADFUL HARD TIMES."
Yesterday I walked down to that part of the town,
Where people collect at the sign of the tun;
To discuss and debate the great matters of state,
And show how the things that go wrong should be
done.

There was ragged Sam Kent, who is not worth a
cent;
There was little Dick Lawless, and noisy Jack
Grimes,
And swaggering Jim Bell, who has nothing to sell.
All curing the banks and these dreadful hard times.

There was old daddy Slop, who had lost his last
crop;
By neglecting to mend up some gaps in the fence;
There was shabby Ned Thorne, who had planted his
seed;
But had never put his hoe, nor plow to it since;
There was dashing Bill Sutton, with a fine dandy
coat on;

Who was never out of debt, nor was worth twenty
dimes;
They too, joined the throng, and still kept up the
cry;
A curse on the banks and these dreadful hard times.

Next came in Dick Short, who was summoned to
for some hundreds of half pints of whiskey and
rum;
He had brought the last sack of his grain on his
back;
Though his children were crying with hunger at
home;

"Here, landlord," said Short, "come being me a
quart;
I must treat these my friends, sir, and merry Jack
Grimes;
Then the corn, sir, to pay, there's no looking to-day."
Till he fell to cursing the banks and these dreadful
hard times.

Next came in Tom Sargent, who lately turned
merchant;
And bought a fine store, I can hardly tell how;
But this much I know, about twelve months ago,
That the constable sold at the post his last cow;
Yet Tom dashed away, spending hundreds each
day,
Till the merchants brought suits for their dry goods
and wares.

So Tom joined the throng, and assisted the song,
With a curse on the banks and these dreadful hard
times.

Next appeared Madame Pride, (and a beau at her
side)
With her silks spread with lace, quite down to her
feet;
Her husband that day, unable to pay
For the dress she then wore, had been locked up in
jail;

She turned to the throng, as she tripped it along,
And she hoped that the merchants would swing for
these crimes;
As to make people pay their old debts in this way;
And to cut the banks and these dreadful hard
times.

Now, said I, Mr. Short you are summoned to court,
And must come to jail for these long whiskey
retires.

And you, Mr. Drow, and you, and you,
Who are hanging round taverns, and running to
stores;
And Madame Pride, must your silks lay aside;
And you, Mr. Slop, and you, Mr. Grimes,
Must all go to your labors, like some of your neigh-
bors,
And you soon put an end to these dreadful hard
times.

FARMER'S GIRLS.

Up in the early morning,
Just at the peep of day,
Straining the milk of the dairy,
Turning the cows away—
Sweeping the floor of the kitchen,
Making the beds upstairs,
Washing the breakfast dishes,
Dusting the parlor chairs.

Brushing the crumbs from the pantry,
Hunting the eggs at the barn,
Cleaning the turnips for dinner,
Sweeping the smoking barn—
Spreading the whitening linen—
Down on the bushes below,
Ransacking every meadow,
Where the ripe strawberries grow.

Starching the "fixings" for Sunday,
Churning the snowy cream,
Rinsing the pails and strainers,
Drying in the running stream;
Feeding the geese and turkeys,
Making the pumpkin pies,
Joggling the little one's cradle,
Driving away the flies.

Grace in every motion,
Made in every tone,
Beaming in form and feature,
Thousands might covet to own—
Clucks that rival spring roosts,
Peeps that whistle as peacocks;
One of these country maids is worth
A score of your city girls.

"A Yankee poet thus describes the
excess of his devotion to his true love:
I sing her praise in poetry,
From early morn to dewy eve,
I scribble while pints of bitter tears,
And wipes them with my sleeve.

From the Widow Bedott Papers. MRS. MAGUIRE'S ACCOUNT OF DEACON WHIPPLE.

He's a mortal tease, husband is. He
does like a joke about as well as any man I
ever see. But he's always good natured,
hain't no malice at heart in his capers. He
was a little wicked though about that cider
hoax he played off on Deacon Whipple
and Deacon Bedott. See—did you ever
hear about that? Well, I'll tell you, for I
think it was one of the cutest tricks he ever
came. But in the first place you must know
what sort o' a man Deacon Whipple was,
or else you won't sense the joke. Well, ac-
cordin' to my notion, he was about as con-
templable a specimen of man as ever walk-
ed in shoe-leather. I always thought so
and so did husband, though there was a
good many folks in Wiggletown looked up
on him as clear perfection, 'cause he had
so much sanctimony. He come from Med-
dleville to our town, and he was so wonder-
ful pious, and made such an awful parade
of his religion, prayin' and exhortin' and
laborin' for souls, as he called it, that when
he'd been there about three months, they
made him deacon. As soon as he was pro-
moted, he begun meddlin' in everybody's
bizness the worst way, watchin' all the nabor-
hood, and taken 'em on to dew for every
little thing that didn't happen to come up
to his ideas o' duty. This he called "con-
sarn for the welfare o' Zion." As sure as
there was a party o' young folks, there was
Deacon Whipple long nose poked into sum
o' the winders to pry out what was done.
And if there was any church member among
'em, and they happened to play "button-
button" whose got the button? or dance
round a little, he'd have 'em hauled up be-
fore the session to answer for 't. It seemed
to dew him a deal o' good to ketch any o'
the brethren or sisters a trippin'. A body'd
thought he spent the best o' his time a pry-
in' in other folks' bizness, but some how
or other he managed to take care o' his own
livin'; he was a tailor by trade, and a reg'lar
old cabbagin' skindlin' to boot. That re-
minds me o' what Jo Snyder said to him
once. You see he was an awful stingy crit-
ter, and so was Miss Whipple. The "pre-
dictors used to complain dreadfully o' their
livin'—said they was nigh about starved.
Well, Jo Snyder stuck his head into the
shop window one day and says he (Jo) was
an independent critter) says he:

"Deacon, how comes it you starve yer
pruitices so, when yer're always so flush
o' cabbages?"

The deacon was awful mad. Says he to
Jo: "If you was a professor you'd ketch
it."

He was a monstrous mean lookin' man
tew. You'd a know'd to see him in the
street that he was a contracted critter—had
a stingy kind o' walk—went along as if he
bragued the room he took up. The cir-
cumstance I was gwine to tell you took
place when he'd been deacon only a little
rarin' two year—and it's a solemn fact,
ther'd been more cases o' despoilment in that
short time than ther ever was afore sense
the place was settled. Now Deacon Be-
dott wasn't such a man at all. He was
great on prayin' and exhortin', but he did-
ent meddle in his nabor's concerns, nor
think himself so much piouser and better'n
all the rest o' creation. Well, the next fall
after we come away from Wiggletown,
husband and me went out there visitin'—

You see Mother Poole and Mother Magwire
both lived there, and Sister Bedott tew,
and I spent the time visitin' round from one
to t'other. Well, one evenin' I was to
Sister Bedott's—husband had gone over to
Mother Magwire's, 'Twas about a year a-
fore Deacon Bedott died, and he wa'n't very
well—you know he was feeble a number o'
years afore his death. Well, he and Sister
Silly and me was a settin' around the settin'
room fire, and Artemishy Pike—the Wid-
der Pike's oldest darter—she was spendin'
the evenin' there. Artemishy was just a
tellin us about Deacon Whipple's comin' to
their house the day afore to take Cinthy
(her youngest sister) to dew, 'cause he'd
heard how't she 'tended a ball when she
was over to Varmout a visitin', and Ar-
temishy was in an awful fidget about it for
fear he'd have her hauled up for't, and she
wanted Deacon Bedott to try to prevent it.
Well, she was just tellin' about it when ther
come a knock to the door. "Walk in," says
Sister Bedott—and who should walk in but
Deacon Whipple, with Deacon Kenipe and
Deacon Crosby on behind him! "There,"
says I to Artemishy, "the Old One's al-
ways at hand when you're talkin' about
him."

"Hush!" says she.

"Lawful sakes!" says I, "I ain't afeard o'
bein' hauled up—I don't live here."

"When they come in, Artemishy looked
half skairt to dew. She thought they'd
come to talk about dealin' with Cinthy" but
Sister Bedott whispered tew her, and says
she:

"Don't be afeard; I don't bieve it's Cin-
thy. I guess more likely it's Sue Collins."
(Twas the same time they had her over

the coals.) Whatever 'twas, we all know-
ed 'twas pretty important bizness, for Dea-
con Whipple lookt wonderful big and aw-
ful solemn: his face was about a yard long.
But though he tried to appear as if he felt
dreadful bad, 'twas plain to be seen he was
enjoyin' a state o' internal satisfaction—
lookt just as he always did when he got a
case that suited him to a T. But Deacon
Kenipe and Deacon Crosby lookt as if they
rally felt bad. (They was very clever men
indeed.) They didn't say a word, but
Deacon Whipple he conversed a spell about
matters and things in general, said the
weather was uncommon fine for the season
o' the year, crops were wonderful abun-
dant, 'specially the apple crop—though 'twas
to be lamented that any o' the good crit-
ters o' Providence should be abused and
turned to the ruination o' mankind as ap-
ples was by bein' made into cider. Then
he went on to deplore the low state o' re-
ligion in the place, as wimmen folks about
the state o' our minds and so on and then
said they'd come on private bizness and
would like to see Deacon Bedott alone a
spell. So we three wimmen got up and
went into the kitchen.

"Now," sister Bedott, says she, "I feel as
if I'd like to know what they've come for,
wouldn't you?"

"Yes," says we.

"Well then," says Silly, "lets go into the
buttry and listen."

"Agreed," says we.

"So in we went. You see ther was a passage
between the settin'-room and the kitchen,
and on one side of this passage the buttry
was situated; and there was a door leadin'
from the buttry into the settin'-room, and
atop o' this door ther was a wide crack so't
a body could hear every word that was said
in the settin'-room. Well, in we goes, as
still as mice, Artemishy and me we got up
on an old box and peeped through the crack,
and sister Bedott she put her ear to the key-
hole. Deacon Whipple had begun to talk
about we got fixed. The first thing I heard
him say, says he:

"Is very unpleasant bizness, very indeed.
I assure you yer's very tryin' to my feelins
to be necessitated to rebuke a brother, but it
seems an insupportable duty in this case.
We're all poor errin' critters; the best on
us is liable to go astray and fall in our du-
ty. I'm free to confess that even I have
my short comin's—I guess he had an at-
tack on't when he put his pants on; they
was so slutt and so tight that he had to
give 'em to Jeff—I have my short com-
in's and I feel to mourn for't; I feel to
lament that I'm frequently cold and shak in
dewin' my duty—don't keep such a con-
stant watch around the walls o' Zion as I'd
ought to. I feel as if it may be owin' to
my unfaithfulness, Brother Bedott, that
you've fell into the practice o' such a hy-
pocritical offense—amen—"

"Gosh!" says Deacon Bedott—(now Dea-
con Bedott never used bad language in his
life, but ones in awhile when he was dread-
fully took by surprise he used to say "gosh")
"Gosh," says he, "I want to know if you
was meanin' me all this time? Well I'd like
to know what I've been doin'?"

"O dear," says Silly, says she, "it's hus-
band, it's husband! What has he done—
what has he done?"

"Don't make a fuss," says I; "they'll hear
you and we shall have to clear out."

Deacon Bedott went on: I ain't aware o'
bein' in the practice o' any known sin. If
I've done wrong in any way I'm willin'
to be told on't, and I hope I shall take your
rebuke as I'd ought tew—though as I said
afore, I ain't aware o' bein' in the practice
o' any hyneous offense as you call it."

Says Deacon Whipple, says he, with a
real provokin' grin, "I'm rally sorry you so
dull o' apprehension, Brother Bedott. It's
truly lamentable, when a brother that's ben
apparently a burnin' and shinin' light turns
out to be such a grievous transgressor—
when sinners round is in such perishin'
need o' havin' good examples set afore 'em
to make 'em cast down the weapons o' re-
bellion. And it is still woss when such a
backslidin' brother is reasoned with to see
him refuse to confess his faults, and repent
o' his sins and mend his ways."

"Dew tell me, says Deacon Bedott says
he, 'what the sin is, and if I've rally been
guilty ont I'll repent, and confess and for-
sake it tew."

"I'm sorry to see you so odderret, says
Deacon Whipple, says he. 'You know
Scripter says, if a brother is overlook in a
fault, the brother must go to him and tell
him ont, and if he refuse to hear 'em, why
he must be dealt with afore the congrega-
tion; and I'm afeard that's what you'll have
to come tew, Brother Bedott, if you hold
out so."

"Ominery me?" says Silly, says she, "what
has that man ben doin'! what has he ben
doin'! O dear me, what an unfortunat
woman I be!"

"Silly, says I, 'why can't you shet your
head? Take my word for't, he hain't done
nothin'—it'll turn out to be just nothin' at all.
I'll bet a goose, so dew be easy."

Well, after Deacon Whipple had gone on
so for ever so long, Deacon Bedott got clear
out o' patience, and says he, "For massy's
sake what is it? Brother Kenipe, Brother
Crosby, dew tell me what 'tis."

"I'd rather not, says Deacon Kenipe, says
he, 'Brother Whipple begun, and he ought
to finish."

"I say so tew, says Deacon Crosby.

"Why," says Deacon Whipple, "it's curus
that Brother Bedott should be so onwillin'
to own up without my comin' right out."

"O! dear me suz, says Sister Bedott, that
he should be a cuttin' capers and me never
suspect him on't! O Melissa, I shall die! I
shall die! and she begun wringin her hands
like mad."

"You simple critter says I, 'dew save your
histories till there's occasion for 'em; dew
keep still; they'll hear you, sartin sure, and
if they should ketch us listenin', would ru-
in all our three reputations."

On account o' Silly's interruption we lost
what Deacon Whipple said next—and the
first thing we heard after she got quiet
agin, was Deacon Bedott sayin,

"It's curus you should be so willin' to be-
lieve such a story about me when you've
known me some years, and hain't never
heard nothin' o' the kind till now."

"I for one ain't willin' to believe it, says
Deacon Kenipe.

"Nor I nother, says Deacon Crosby, says
he.

"Now, there ain't no use in denyin' on't,
Brother Bedott, says Deacon Whipple, says
he—"A few years ago it wa'n't thought to
be no great crime to take a glass o' sperits
now and then; ther wa'n't so much light on
the subject as there is now in these tem-
perance days; but even then, twas any most
unheard of thing for any body to get in-
toxicated on cider—as you're in the habit o'
dewin' none against light and privilege; and
you a deacon tew—a man that makes
such high such high pretensions! O Broth-
er Bedott it's a hyneous and a cryin' sin."

"Consarn it!" says Deacon Bedott, says
he, "dew stop a minute and let one speak; I
want to know who said I was in a habit o'
takin' too much."

"Whoever twas, says Silly, says she, "they
lied, and they knowed it, and I'll tell Dea-
con Whipple so—lemme come, Melissa."

(It always made Silly awful mad to have
any body else run the deacon down, though
she used to give it to him herself, like the
dragon, sometimes.)

"Woman alive, says I, 'what be you dew-
in' you shant go out there—you'll just spile
the hull, and we shant hear another word,
till be time enough for you to put in time-
y."

She made such a noise they'd a heard her,
if they hadn't a got to talkin' purty loud
themselves. Well, she got still, and the
next thing I heard, was Deacon Kenipe
sayin, says he,

"Brother Whipple, dew come to the pint,
dew tell Brother Bedott who it was—and
don't hurt his feelins any more'n you can
help."

"Well, then, says Deacon Whipple, says
he, 'twas yer brother-in-law, Mr. Magwire."

"Genuine sakes alive!" says Deacon Be-
dott, says he, "did Josh say that about me?
What on earth did the critter mean?"

"He meant what he said, I s'pose," says
Deacon Whipple, "that you're in the habit
o' gittin' corned on cider."

Says Deacon Bedott, says he, "Did
Josh say he'd rally seen me drunk on ci-
der?"

"He meant so; undoubtedly, says Deacon
Whipple; though then wa'n't precisely the
words he used; he called to my shop to-day
purposely to tell me on't, and twas awful
tryin to his feelins to be obliged to expose
you, not only on account o' your bein' a
connection o' him, but cause he rally thought
you was a worthy man in the main: 'but,
says he, 'I dew feel as if I couldn't leave
Wiggletown with a clear conscience with-
out tellin you that I've actilly known Dea-
con Bedott to be the woss for cider!—as
sure as my names Joshuaway Magwire, I've
seen that man half shaved on cider afore
breakfast in the mornin'. Now, though I
haint no very high opinion of Mr. Magwire
bein' a worldly man and don't know
nothin about experimental religion, I dew
beieve he wouldn't tell such a thing as that
out and ont if it want true, specially about
his brother-in-law. I should a went right
over to Parson Potter about it, if it had ben
to him, but he's gone a journey, you know.
O, how that man will take it to heart when
he hears ther's such a wolf in sheeps clo-
thin in the midst of his flock! So I goes
over and tells Brother Kenipe and Brother
Crosby out. They was very unwillin to
come with me to labor with you to night.
I'm sorry to say they're ginnally shak about
dewin' their duty in cases o' despoilment—the